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The Life Of A Blogger



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Chapter 1 by Lenaia Powell

It's amazing how popular you can get in two years. I had just turned fourteen, and I started a blog just for the fun of it. It mainly consisted of rants, random passages and pictures of drawings, and to my surprise it got 25 pageviews within the first hour and a half.

At the time it was exciting, but shortly afterwards it started to get dull, refreshing the page over and over hoping for more views. Even so, by the time I got back to my mom's house the next weekend it seemed to become a thing of interest between other teenagers.

Needless to say, as I started to post more of the same content, it quickly became very popular. As of now, my life will never be the same, and I'm probably one of the most idolized 16-year-olds out there.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



They know me only by a screen name - "themarsh". Forget hopping on the bandwagon. I /create/ the bandwagon from the wheel up. Many of my weekends are spent not on homework, but scouring the deepest corners of the internet for unaired cartoon pilots, low budget films, and

prime time cartoons for toddlers to draw art for. People flock to these medias like flies to a lantern after seeing just one of my drawings. I have commissions left and right (looking at you, My Pretty Pony fans). And you certainly don't want to know how much my commissions can go for.

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This power was never meant for one person. But creating the rise and fall of legions worth of fans, admittedly, has its merits. That's why his proposal was so interesting to me to begin with.

Chapter 3 by go!den-in-the-mist



Yes, his proposal. You heard me right. His proposal. I was beginning to upload my newest page, because I had noticed a few grammar mistakes. Many people know one thing about my blog; that I cannot leave one grammatical error out there.

Soon after two years, I had begun to get even popular companies interested in my stories. None of them were fake, which I thought quite odd, because I was known for being the liar of the block.

It had happened that one company was especially interested in adding a commenting page to my blog. I was very excited. They gave me a half-price discount for it. Using whatever was left in the emergency debit card I was given a few months ago, I punched in the numbers and gave in.

And I learned that it was worth it; the commenting system not only gave me a chance for people to converse in my blogs, but also to privately message each other. All that money I had spent had really paid off.

It was not until last week when I got the message. Someone happened to be very interested in my life. I mean, they already knew what was happening from my blogs, so I just gave them a little of the behind-the-scenes kind of material. Nothing bad or important, just the little things that really didn't matter.

I had pondered a day, thinking about why the fan had spoken. They usually did. Finally, I had decided to drop it. It was for the best.

Tired of math class and eager to get back onto my blog, I quickly typed in the website and logged in. There, at the top corner of my icon, was a message.

That was when the proposal came in.

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